



CHAIRMAN
TAYLOR...
WE NEED TO
TALK!



COME IN, MR.
STRYKER. THE
DOOR IS *OPEN*. WAS
THERE SOMETHING
ON YOUR MIND?

...SH*%&!
TARGET IS
NOT ALONE...
I REPEAT,
TARGET IS
N-

BLAM

WHAT THE
HELL ARE YOU
DOING?

PTOO! DO YOU...FEEL
BETTER NOW, STRYKER? DID
HITTING ME, HUKKK...HELP
WASH THE BLOOD OF
CHILDREN OFF OF YOUR
HANDS?





IT'S A
LITTLE LATE
IN THE GAME
TO START
QUESTIONING
YOUR DUTIES,
DON'T YOU



YOU'RE
A WEAPON,
STRYKER, A
THUG THAT WE
USE TO KILL OUR
ENEMIES. NOTHING
MORE



IT'S MY
RESPONSIBILITY.

I'M
SORRY.

(P...PLEASE.
NOT THE
CHILDREN.)

BIAM

YOU KNOW THE
RULES STRYKER.
NO WITNESSES, NO
EXCEPTIONS.

KCHAKT

WE NEED
TO CLOSE THE
CIRCLE.



FOR THE LAST TIME!
AFTER I TALK TO MY MOTHER
WE'LL NEED TO FIND OUT WHO
OUR FRIENDS ARE.

YES, MA'AM. IT
MAY BE A SHORT
LIST.

RING
RING

HELLO?

ARE YOU
ALONE?

CARIN? OH MY GOD!
WHERE ARE YOU? ARE
YOU OKAY?

I'M FINE.
JUST ANSWER ME ONE
QUESTION: DID YOU KILL
ALL THOSE PEOPLE IN
OLD TOWN THE OTHER
DAY?

NO, IT WAS POLICE.



MMMMM RED
VELVET...



MY
FAVORITE.





NO, IT WAS DOLOROSSA...
AND HE WAS FOLLOWING OUR
FATHER'S ORDERS.

CARIN, I...I DON'T KNOW
WHAT'S GOING ON...AND I
SWEAR I DIDN'T KNOW ABOUT
STRYKER... BUT I'M SO
SORRY---

CLICK




CARIN?
CARIN?



...ANY
MORE...

DOLOROSSA,
THROW THIS PIECE
OF TRASH OUT
WITH THE OTHER
GARBAGE.

...BABIES--



OH, AND
ONE LAST THING
STRYKER, IT'S
NEVER A GOOD
IDEA TO SCREW THE
BOSS'S WIFE.

Blind



YOU WERE
RUNNING INTEL
ON THIS MISSION!
WHAT THE HELL
HAPPENED?

JESUS, GO EASY,
MAN! I...I WAS ONLY
DOING WHAT I WAS
TOLD!

SMASH!!

gonna let
you...



K... KILL...



KILLING WOMEN AND
BABIES...





...NOT



I TOLD YOU TO GET TO THE
EXTRACTION POINT WITH THE
OTHERS, DOLOROSSA.



I THOUGHT
THAT YOU WOULD
MAYBE NEED...

A comic book panel depicting a scene inside a car. In the foreground, a man with short dark hair and a goatee, wearing a black t-shirt with the letters 'H A' and 'S' visible, looks down with a somber expression. Behind him, a woman with long red hair and a green headband looks out the window. A large speech bubble from the woman contains the text. The background shows the interior of the car and a glimpse of the outside world through the window.

ROBERT,
MY SISTER SAID
THAT SHE DIDN'T KILL
YOUR FAMILY, AND I
BELIEVE HER. SHE SAID IT
WAS DOLOROSSA...AND
MY DAD...



NO, NOT LIKE THE
OTHERS...THEY WERE
INNOCENT KIDS.
THEY DIDN'T DO
ANYTHING.



THAT'S NOT FOR YOU TO DECIDE. IF
THE SECURITY OF OUR NATION AND
ITS INTERESTS DEMAND WE TAKE
ACTION, WE TAKE ACTION.

AND WHEN WE
NEED TO TAKE
ACTION WE SEND
KILLERS... LIKE
YOU.

CYBER FORCE

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Inkers



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Troy Peteri

Letterer

Stjepan Sejic

Final Art Polish





AW, JEEZ, I'M
TELLIN' YOU THE
TRUTH, MAN...

"I SWEAR!"

WHAM
WHAM

THOOOMMM

*CYBER DATA
HEADQUARTERS,
PITTSBURGH
PENNSYLVANIA.
FOURTEEN HOURS
LATER.*



TOLD BY
WHOM?

I...I CAN'T
TELL Y--OW!
OW! OKAY!
OKAY!

IT WAS THE
CHAIRMAN... HE
TOLD ME TO MAKE
SURE YOU DIDN'T
KNOW ABOUT THE
FAMILY BEING
THERE.

BUT THEY
WERE PART OF
THE MISSION
THE WHOLE
TIME.

SELVER, IF
YOU'RE LYING
TO ME...

I BREAK
THIS.






THEY WERE
CHILDREN,
YOU SON-OF-A-
BITCH!



THEY WERE
"A MISSION,"
STRYKER. LIKE
THE COUNTLESS
OTHERS YOU'VE
LED.



*BEIJING, CHINA.
MANY YEARS AGO.*



YOU
CONFIRMED THE
TARGET. AND NOW WE
NEED TO *FINISH*
THE JOB.



NO. THEY'RE
NOT PART OF
THE MISSION.



WHAT DO YOU
THINK?

MORE.



LEAVE THE
THINKING
TO US.

AND I WOULD
SUGGEST NOT
COMING ANY
CLOSER.

THEY.

WERE

CLAIM

MILLENNIUM CITY.
OUTSIDE
CYBER DATA
BIO LAB 3.
TODAY.



**BDAM
BDAM**

BAM



BDAM

AAAAARRRRR!



FOR THE
RECORD, THIS IS
A REALLY *STUPID*
PLAN.

IT'S
YOUR PLAN,
SELVY.

I KNOW,
AND IT'S STUPID.
WE NEED MORE
TIME.

THOSE PEOPLE

THOSE BOYS
IN THE CHURCH ARE
GONNA DIE; WE DON'T
HAVE ANY MORE
TIME...



I NEED
TO MAKE
A CALL.

HERE, USE
THIS PHONE. IT'S
PROBABLY THE ONLY
SECURE LINE ON THE
PLANET. BUT HURRY,
WE'RE ALMOST
THERE.

UN-F%#ING-BELIEVABLE. I
DIDN'T JOIN THE SHOC CORPS
FOR THIS SH%#! APPODITE

BLAM

BLAM



NNNG,
BABIES...AREN'T
THE ENEMY,
TAYLOR...
WE ARE.